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Warrior



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I am Erik. You may think that my name is different because it is a boy's name, well, you're right. I grew up in a country where girls are the lowest of the lows. Whenever you start to bleed, it's off to the shack where men come and help make "soldiers" for the war that has been going on for a decade. No one remembers how it started, or how it will end. This, is my story.

"You're movements are slow, you're footing is all wrong. What type of posture is that? Look at your brother, see how he moves. You must copy him if you want to stay."

"Yes papa". This has been my life ever since I was born. Acting and copying. Pretending to be someone who I'm not. I am a warrior in training, but I am no boy, I am a girl.

My mama was one of the lucky ones. She hid until she came of age to get married. One day she went out, hoping to find the man she met who helped her escape the guards when he found her. That's how my mama and papa met. Me, not so lucky.

Chapter 2 by marie



My brother and I trained for war everyday. Swords, hand-to-hand, bows, lances, any weapon you could think of or any type of fighting style. I most likely know. And if I don't, my response is "teach me". My brother, Owen, has it easy. To put it simple, he's a boy. You didn't have to worry about anything if you had a x and y chromosome, me on the otherhand, I don't get it so easily.

My parents call me Erik to hide my true identity. I have to wake up every morning and pretend.

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Today, I was out in the yard, practicing with my sword when a nobleman came up and asked if my father was home. I said yes. I led him up the stairs and to the war room where my father was, planning tomorrows drills.

"Good day, Sir Grey. I bring troubling news."

"Whatever could it be?"

"I am afraid to tell you that your boys have come of age, and it is time to present them to the Royals"

Chapter 3 by m a r i e



My father looked at the noblemen with something in his eyes that I could not reconize "As you wish". As the nobleman wisked us away toward the palace of the Royals, I looked back at Papa, and I realized what the look in his eyes was... it was fear.

I realized that Papa was afraid for me, that the Royals would find out that I am not who I am supposed to be, that I am a girl.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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